

1621
JOYFUL NEWS
FOR
APPRENTICES:

Cupboard-Door broke open.

A very pleasant and comical DIALOGUE between
Mr. Freeman, a generous Tradesman, and his
Pinch-gilt Wife, Mrs. Stingy, who always lock'd
the Victuals from her Servants, till her Husband
casted the Lock to be knock'd off the Cupboard-
Door, bequeathed all therein to the sole Use and
Management of his Apprentices.



Licensed and entered according to order.



The Cupboard-Door broke open.

H U S B A N D.



HEY day, what's here to do? the cupboard door
Lock'd up! what, Madam, must we eat no more,
Why, how now, mistress wife, who is't that puts
This bar betwixt my victuals and my guts?

Boys split the door, why sure my saving honey,
You don't take beef and bread and cheese for money:
Zounds quick my lads, break down the barricado,
Your bellies shan't endure your dame's strapado.

W I F E

Don't be so hasty, love, I mean no hurt,
Here take the key, 'tis but their asking for't;
Did you but see the waste those gluttons make,
You'd then commend me for the care I take.

That slouching rogue that laughs at what you say,
Had he his will would eat ten times a day;
That thin-jaw'd rogue too, had he but his mind,
For all his looks, would not be far behind.

Victuals, I'll swear, is ill bestow'd upon
 That sneaking whelp, that raw-bone Skeleton;
 Were he to eat as much as half a dozen,
 The ill-got lout would still look starv'd and frozen.

H U S B A N D

Therefore it shan't be said, I keep them poor,
 And thin, because I took my Cup board-door;
 I'll have no smith's embargo on my food,
 Eat boys, as often as yourselves see good.

Let them have change of mutton, beef, and pork,
 Do you take care they feed, I'll make them work;
 My servants shall to no relations creep,
 And there complain of what a house I keep.

Tell them their stingy mistress bears the rule,
 And cry because they han't a belly full:
 Let me have no such doings I command,
 I scorn to give a wife the upper-hand.

I'm master here, mind you your maid's concerns,
 No boy of mine shall want the meat he earns;
 But range the cupboards, search all corners round.
 To see if any thing better may be found.

W I F E.

Lord, love, you cannot think what they devour,
 I vow and swear they're cramming every hour;
 Saw you how oft they to the cupboard come,
 You'd think they'd eat you out of house and home.

One gobbls down two pound of bread and cheese
 When almost burst, to the vault he goes for ease,
 From thence returns unburthen'd in a trice,
 And stuffs his empty gut with t'other slice.

No sooner is the wide-mouth glutton gone,
 Then t'other lean-jawed cormorant sneaks down,
 And he forsooth no cheshire cheese can eat,
 His dainty chops must break his fast with meat.

Then out he pulls his knife and off he cuts
 A pound of beef for his infatiate guts;
 Which his stretch'd jaws swallow down so fast,
 As if he meant each bit should prove his last.

For in three minutes fairly he'll devour
 More than would serve an hungry dog an hour;
 Straining with morsels so profusely great,
 You'd think him choak'd with every bit he eat.

Thus all day long, like buckets in a well,
 They take their turns to empty and to fill:
 And is it fit, d'ye think, such wolves as these,
 Should search and range the cupboard when they please.

H U S B A N D

Yes, yes much good may it do 'em with their meat
 I never care how much my servants eat;
 Speedy at viuals, quick at work is an old,
 Proverbial saying, we have oft been told.

I've

I've found it true, and therefore do not grudge,
 Their eating nimblly tho' 'tis ne'er so much,
 I'll warrant you'd have them loiter at their meals,
 Piddle like mice, and crawl about like snails.

Feed like patients dieted by quacks,
 And look as hide-bound tits that carry packs,
 Work too like those that raise the wooden walls
 Of the king's ships, or lazy rogues in Paul's.

No, no, my master's method I'll pursue,
 That feeds 'em well and makes 'em work so too;
 For he that stinteth his servants to their food,
 Makes the bad worse, and spoils the good.

That what he thinks he saves they cast away;
 And makes his stock their pinch-gut money pay,
 So from this time the Cupboard open keep,
 I'll see they work, you shall see they eat.

W I F E

Do as you please, my dear,
 Such waffful ways will always keep us poor
 Apprentices I've seen in other trades,
 Have their meat carv'd by the mistress or maids.

Nor did they dare to grumble or complain,
 That this was cut too fat or that too lean;
 But eat whate'er the mistress thought was fit,
 And fear'd to frown, or ask for t'other bit.

But your bold boys, regarding not your wife,
 When call'd to dine, each draws his crooked knife,
 Upon the groundsel he whets his Sheffield blade,
 And both, forsooth sit down before my maid.

Fall to like plowmen at a country feast,
And with unhallow'd fingers pick the best,
One crying out, go Hannah, draw some beer,
The other, Hussey bring the mustard here.

Indeed, my dear it is a shame to see,
Apprentices so very bold and free,
Or that at meals such boys should first sit down,
And crow above a wench that's a woman grown.

H U S B A N D

My boys are all good men's sons well born and bred,
They paide me pounds for teaching them my trade,
Besides they earn me every day they dine,
Not only their own bread but also yours and mine.

Yet I suppose, you want to have them made,
Meer slaves and lacqueys to your nasty jade,
To run to the chandler's for the mops and brooms
And fetch her water when she scrubs the rooms.

Be her coal-heavers to preserve her hands,
And stoop to all her prodigal commands:
If that's your drift, my parsimonious dame,
I shall take care to disappoint your aim.

No fancy baggage, fondled by a fool,
Shall awe my servants or my boys control:
I'd have you know, I keep such sluts as she,
To wait on them at meals as well as me.

I give her yearly wages, and she ought
To know their work enables me to do't
My golden boys earn money ev'ry day,
By them I live, eat, drink, and pay.

There

Therefore yourself and servile puss shall find
 No lads of mine your female pride shall mind,
 That master sure must be a hen-peck'd fool,
 Who lets the woman o'er the man bear rule.

'Tis hard that good mea's children bound to trades,
 Should be made lacqueys to our wifes and maids,
 But in those tradesmen's houles it will be so,
 where men are silent and the women crow.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE prudent master, who allows,
 His servants what is fitting,
 Shows by his conduct that he knows,
 Hard work requires good eating.

The master seldom thrives in trade.
 Who keeps a sneaking table,
 Apprentices are thereby made
 Less willing and less able.

Whilst those that feed them with good fare,
 By servants are befriended,
 Have all their work dispatch'd with care,
 And in due season ended.

But

But when the wife shall rule the roast

Whose temper's too penurious,

What she believes she saves, is lost,,

And only proves injurious.

No servants in revenge will waste

The food that they're in love of,

But into holes will slyly cast

The meat they don't approve of.

Beside, he gains an honest name,

Who makes his servants easy;

If you be kind they'll be the same,

And strive the more to please ye.

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E I N I S